The Quill

Fall 1930

The Quill

STUDENT LITERARY MAGAZINE

QUEENS COLLEGE

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

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To Him Who Served Us

HELEN DRENNAN

At the end of the last school year the students and faculty of Queens College learned that we were to lose our beloved president, Dr. Hunter B. Blakely. On our campus this year the loss is more than a physical one. The large, empty house on side campus and the quiet office to the left of the entrance of Burwell Hall remind his former friends and students that he is no longer serving us. More, however, is the loss of his daily contact with these individuals on campus and of his wise and guiding hand as the head of our administration. Queens College made many academic and material advancements in the eleven years that Dr. Blakely served as our president. He is remembered not only for these accomplishments but for his administrative ability and his personal and high standards for the women who chose Queens College. He inspired respect in all whom he met, and his duties never prevented him from being also a wise counselor and friend to all those who worked and studied under him.

The dream of Dr. Blakely was a greater Queens, and he worked diligently toward this end. During his administration the endowment was more than tripled, and the financial status of the college was placed on a sound basis. Many of Dr. Blakely's plans have been carried out, and some are yet to be added. The Student Union Building with faculty offices and two large classrooms was built as the first plans materialized. At the same time the Science Building was renovated, and a new wing was added to the original structure. In the late spring of this past year the beautiful Belk Chapel was completed and dedicated. Further plans for the greater Queens were begun by Dr. Blakely. The Department of the Home building, now under construction, and the proposed new infirmary, gymnasium, and dormitory are a part of these plans.

Those who did not know Dr. Blakely wil remember and revere him for his tangible achievements, and those who worked and studied under his administration will add their personal memories to these tangible ones. Dr. Blakely was interested in his fellow-educators and his students. He inspired in them a responsive interest in making and leaving Queens a better place each year. He stood for the highest in Christian education, and he shared with us his great love of books and the best ideas and ideals. The Blakely's home

was open formally before Christmas and at graduation time and informally on many occasions. Dr. Blakely's office was open at all times; and his students called him friend, advisor, and teacher.

Dr. Blakely accepted last spring the high position of secretary of the division of higher education in the Board of Education, Presbyterian Church, U. S. He left us the fruits and inspiration of his years of faithful service, and we will be building for many years to come on the foundations which our former president so carefully laid for us.

What Will Your Diploma Be Worth?

LOUISE E. WHITE

Would you keep a fork which you had bought from a well-known jeweler if, when you got home, you found that it was, instead of your genuine silver pattern, merely silver plated and filled with a cheap alloy? Or, knowing that the fork was only silver plated, would you have paid the full price for it while at the store, satisfying yourself by telling the salesman that it would serve the same purpose as a silver fork, and that no one would know the difference?

There is a very close comparison between this highly improbable purchase and the purchasing of a college diploma. How many of us pay the full price for our diplomas, knowing all the while that they are filled with a comparatively worthless alloy? Do we think that no one will know the difference between a silver plated diploma and a diploma that has four years of guaranteed workmanship behind it?

Let us look for a moment at some of the guarantees that should be attached to the diploma which we as future graduates are now buying.

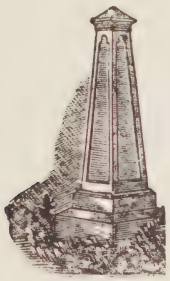
First, there should have been a great deal of thought and careful planning about the emphasis on certain qualities in the final product. Many things are important on a college campus during these years at Queens, but we must have selected only those things of greatest importance and put these things in prime consideration.

Second, we should consider the quality of workmanship that has gone into the making of our diploma. Has the work been steady and concentrated, or has it been spasmodic, the worker having applied himself diligently only when the materials have been tested or when the supervisor was checking? Is the inner core as valuable a material and as strong as the glistening outer

finish? And, too, it is most important to know whether the beauty of it is genuine. Is the signature of the manufacturer real, or did someone else actually help to forge the product? Its value would be true only if it had been composed of faultless materials, and not materials bought at a bargain counter or stolen from another source of doubtful origin.

And, perhaps most important of all, is the question of the ultimate value of the product to its owner. Will it be put in a musty closet and left for the owner's lifetime, or wil it be kept in use and brightened as the years progress. This last test will tell the true worth of a diploma—whether this purchase, or attainment, will mean the beginning of a living field of wisdom and learning, or the end of four more years of school.

The decision is ours. Will we buy that silver plated diploma for the price of a real one? And will we know the difference?



Monument

FRANCES MCPHERSON

Strange—how we erect a monument,
A stone whose dignity harsh time will stain,
Whose granite shaft impassive stands near tombs
Of those with whom that second soul walked not;
How we return on special days (return?
What mockery!) to reverence someone
Who is not dead, except to other men.

Sour Grapes

MAE MCCLURE

I was just about the only friend the Cobertons had—if you could call me a friend of Tob Coberton. He called me a witch and a devil, but he tolerated me, for I was Anna's bosom pal. And Anna was his only child—the girl whom he dominated and ruled.

Some folks in Toddville called me heroic, and others called me plain loco for daring to go near Tob Coberton's shack. It was a known fact that he hated the world with the vengeance of a rattlesnake. The world knew it and for the most part passed by him, leaving him to his own wretched existence. Except for the would-be fishers who fished on the Coberton backwaters, I was perhaps the only person who ever set foot on his land. I crossed over his boundaries, yes, but if Tob Coberton had had his wish, I would not have lived to cross back over them. Yet, like a struggling ant trapped in a web, I was held by a strange attraction to Anna. And neither Tob Coberton nor anyone else could have kept me from her.

Therefore, every Sunday evening as regular as clock work, I hiked down the path of a road to the Coberton's shanty. On this particular evening I quickened my step to an almost even run. Anna, I knew, was waiting for me.

Upon entering the clearing, I could hear the well windlass creaking and groaning, and I knew that Tob was feeding up early. And as I drew nearer, the skeleton like dogs sleeping beneath the porch awoke, sprang to their feet, and plunged toward me. At this, Tob Coberton stepped from the well shed, and, stretching himself to his full six feet, shouted:

"Shet up, ye yellow bellied fools!"

Then turning toward me, he growled, "If ye're looking for Anna, she ain't here."

Knowing he was lying, I laughed and said, "Well, if you don't mind, I'll go around and say hello to Mrs. Coberton."

A gleam of hate flashed in his eyes only to smoulder down to the same steel gray eyes. He returned: "Git offa my land and outta my sight. There ain't a Brown living that I'd even tech."

In spite of his words, I laughed and proceeded around to the back door. Entering into the kitchen, I beheld Mrs. Coberton about her monotonous tasks. She might have been pretty once, I had always thought, but she was now hardly more than a shadow—a living shadow that didn't know a week from

a day. I knew Tob Coberton was to blame, and I shuddered for Anna's sake. Yet was it possible that Anna, who was innocent of all evil, might go free of this man's sins. Only God knew and only God would determine.

"That you, Kate?" asked the little woman before me. "If'n you're looking fer Anna, I'll git 'er."

"Never you mind, Mrs. Coberton," I replied; "I'll find her."

And soon Anna and I were together, sharing our secrets and interests. I told her among other things of my college plans, and she in turn told me of young Ted Neely. "He likes me," she confided. "But then he's never been too close to Pa, and I reckon he'll see differently when he crosses Pa." I looked at Anna, and a wave of pity swept over me.

I was anxious to see this boy who had such a hold on the very life of my friend. Therefore, at sunset I was still at the Cobertons' sitting on the fence with Anna, waiting for her "feller" to come in from the backwaters.

At last we sighted him. Anna watched with admiring eyes as he brought his boat in and tied up.

"It's not every fellow that can handle a boat like that. And he's from the city and doesn't get out here too much," she said.

The boy climbed the slope and sauntered toward us. I saw that he was indeed as handsome a lad as I'd ever seen. But I knew by his very carriage that he was a bred gentleman and not for Anna. Tob would see to that.

"Hello!" he shouted, waving a string of fish.

We both responded by a wave of the hand. But Ted Neely's flashing smile was only for Anna.

"Tell me, did you ever see such a catch?" he boasted.

"Ay, skipper, there never was such a haul," I replied.

He didn't hear me; his thoughts were on Anna.

"Like 'em, Anna?"

"They're beautiful."

"Should be; caught them for a beautiful girl."

"O Ted—I couldn't—you know—Pa."

"What about Pa? Got leprosy or something that you keep harping on him?"

"You don't understand, and you never will till you meet him."

"Aw come, Anna, I was just teasing. Here—that's it—don't be angry."

"I reckon you won't be teasing when you meet Pa. Then you won't care for me or the backwaters. We're not your class of people."

I knew only too well the truth of Anna's words. But all the same I was glad when Anna stopped struggling against the inevitable and began to smile. A boy like Ted Neely must see for himself.

I should have gone home. The way was long, and darkness would set in before I reached my destination I knew. Nevertheless I yielded to Anna's

pleadings to stay for supper, knowing even then I'd live to regret my decision. Yet, perhaps, I reasoned, if I go now I'll lose my way, but if I wait Anna will more than likely go part of the way with me.

We ate in heavy silence. Something was wrong. I sensed it, and it frightened me to the very marrow. There was Mrs. Coberton crouching over the stove as was her usual custom. Opposite me sat Anna as straight as the pines and as calm as the waters outside. Tob Coberton bore his same stony expression. Still, I knew that trouble lay within this man. I scrutinized him more carefully. He was a giant of a man, and his bulky shadow covered half the room. No wonder Anna towered more than two feet above me. To my astonishment I noted that he had more than height in common with Anna—the low forehead, the same eyes, and the same set of the mouth. I smiled inwardly; it was incredible to liken those two.

Finally, I took courage, and, clearing my throat, said that I guessed I'd better be moving homeward.

Anna said, "Well, I reckon I'll go along part of the way with you."

Tob Coberton arose to his feet. His face ablaze with passionate hate, he spat out, "I reckon you won't be going nowheres."

"Company! Company!" he laughed uproariously.

"I'll kill'er at the drop of a feather an' she knows it."

"But Pa . . ."

"Don't Pa me; you think you can go around with any old city trash and yer old Pa won't know th' difference. Well, I stopped it! I stopped it!"

Anna's face went white.

"Please, Pa, you didn't hurt him—you didn't hurt him—please!"

"Hurt 'em," he laughed, slapping his thighs. "I didn't git a chance; th' chicken livered fool ran like the dickens. But he won't be a coming back. Ye hear me!"

And with that he grasped the sobbing Anna and shook her with the force of a bear.

Waiting for no more, I fled from the shack and down the rutty pathway leading to home. And as I ran I could hear him shouting, "He won't be back! I'll kill 'em if he does."

It was four years before I next saw Anna. Mother wrote me the first year that I was away at college that Mrs. Coberton had visited her. She had said to mother, "I come to see Kate to take her to see my girl. My girl's ailing." "Why, what seems to be the matter?" my mother had inquired. "She won't eat; she won't do nothing. She just keeps a staring out the window at them there backwaters and saying nothin.' Later I received word that Tob Coberton had died and that Anna was taking it badly. Personally, I felt that she was fortunate.

It was a beautiful day when I again started for the Cobertons'. Ah, I had a million things to tell Anna. But what if Anna had changed? I knew that I had.

I knocked at the door. There was deep silence. I knocked again, and the door partly creaked open and then swung wide. There in the doorway was a strangely familiar girl. It was Anna, but not the Anna I knew and loved. Before me was Anna, the daughter of Tob Coberton. The hard lines around the mouth, the steel gray eyes, and the very tilt of her head belonged to him. Tob had kept his own.

"Pa's dead," she said, "and I don't want yer pity nor nobody else's. Now git away."

And with that the door slammed, and silence returned again. I stood for a moment staring with uncomprehending eyes at the closed door. My head a throb and my eyes smarting, I turned and walked away. At the edge of the clearing I stopped and surveyed the Cobertons' place for the last time.

So this is what the Hebrews meant . . . "The father hath eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." Anna, I knew, had tasted also of the sour grapes.

Wind Song

LOUISE E. WHITE

The reddish glow of afternoon had changed to the crisp sharpness of a November evening. To one side the slender pines stretched their chilled fingers high into the shadowing sky, holding in them the last lingering moments of light before they would be gloved with darkness. On the other side of the soft curve of late sunset the quiet hills joined shadows with each other and drew their quilts of night around them. And ahead lay the lake, shivering a little as a breeze sprang up, blowing its breath over the surface of the water.

I felt the wind on my cheeks. It was colder than I expected; and I breathed deep, tasting the clean autumn air as it penetrated through and through me, setting my heart to singing. It burned my eyes, cleansing them of all the ugly things I had ever seen. It sifted through my coat and gave me new strength and gladness to my step. It brought with it the warning smell of wintry winds and biting frosts, of cutting sleets and snows. But now it was a wild, gay thing, stirring the tall grass, brusquely swishing the painted leaves again and again until they released their hold and were whirled, surrendering, to the earth.

The darkness fell swiftly and silently, slipping its moist black coat over the settling countryside—the low valleys, the green and brown hills, and, last of all, the tall pines. The stillness was complete. Then, with a reluctant, shivery blink, the silver-coated stars appeared, setting a glistening pattern across my view of heaven.

I watched for a moment, thinking and breathing with the hills and the lake, the trees and stars. Then, turning my footsteps homeward, I moved quietly from this wonder spot, leaving it all behind, yet taking with me some part of it to remember always.

Book Reviews

Dr. Paul B. Barringer:

The Natural Bent

Mary R. Long.

THE NATURAL BENT is first of all, the alternately dramatic and hilarious personal narrative of Dr. Paul B. Barringer, who lived through the great transitional period in American life which stretched from ante-bellum days through Civil War and Reconstruction. It gives us a vivid picture of plantation life in North Carolina and student life in Virginia and Europe. His study of medicine in Europe brought him in contact with such men as Pasteur, Koch, and Virchow. Through their influence and with the knowledge gained from them, this boy of the Old South became a medical pioneer of the New South.

THE NATURAL BENT is also the history of the South, for the members of Paul Barringer's family were among the most prominent people of North Carolina and include three famous generals of the Confederate Army: Daniel Harvey Hill, Rufus Barringer, and Thomas Jonathan Jackson. An uncle, William A. Graham, was United States Senator, Governor of North Carolina, and Secretary of the Navy under President Fillmore.

In 1859 when Paul Barringer was just old enough to talk, he made his first trip up the James River Canal to visit his uncle, Thomas J. Jackson, who was then professor of Artillery Tactics and Natural Philosophy at the Virginia Military Institute in Lexington. Of his famous uncle, who was later to be called "Stonewall," he remembered little, but his account of the slow difficult journey is interesting and amusing.

His grandfather, Dr. Robert Hall Morrison, was a man who looked like an invalid but who ruled with an iron hand. He was very active in the Presbyterian church and realizing the need for a college, as a nursery for the church and its ministers, he raised the money to establish Davidson College and became its first president.

Dr. Barringer himself was called out of retirement in 1907 to accept the presidency of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute in Blacksburg. After six busy and effective years at this institution, he retired to his country home near Charlottesville. But retirement was a word without meaning for this active man. As Hall says of him, "He remained forever young, and his spirit dwelt among the young and their unfolding minds. He did not repine for the dear dead days. His heart was in the present and the unfolding future."

When he was teaching medicine at Davidson College and later at the University of Virginia, the relationship which existed between "Old Paul B." and his students was highly personal—a relationship which is fast disappearing from all school life, to the impoverishment of the student and teacher. In the hearts of hundreds of former students who knew and loved him, his noble influence will shine forever, for the great teacher becomes always one of the world's immortals. Paul Barringer lived through two worlds but he followed the natural bent which affiliated him with the new.

The following—a short story, a one-act play, a limerick, a sonnet, and a selection of blank verse—were chosen by a committee composed of the members of the English Department of Queens College and the librarian—Miss Thelma Albright, Miss Rena Harrell, Dr. J. D. McCutchen, Miss Helen Strickland, and Miss Laura Tillett—as being the best work of each form to be written during the year 1949-50 by members of the Creative Writing Department at Queens College. Each of these will become a contribution of 1950 toward a possible five-year anthology, THE QUEENS QUIRE, to be published, it is hoped, in 1955.

The Violets

ONE ACT OF NONSENSE

By

ANN STAFFORD

Characters: Carolyn Cathers, daughter of a wealthy family.
Mrs. Cathers, her mother.
Joe Miller, the young gardener.
Uncle Fred, Mrs. Cathers' brother.

Scene: The drawing room of a wealthy family. Large French windows, white desk and couch. Mrs. Cathers stands by desk with one hand on the telephone, the other holding a long list. Young girl enters carrying large bunch of violets in her hand.

CAROLYN. Mother, I want to talk to you a minute. But I suppose these violets should be put somewhere first. Where do you want me to put them?

MOTHER. Oh, just put them anywhere, Carolyn. I haven't time to bother with them now. Maybe Janice will arrange them for me later. Lord knows, I simply haven't a moment to spare. Now just put them down, dear, and come help me check these lists like a dear child.

CAROLYN. (Lays violets on the table and walks over to her mother.) What's the matter, mother? Didn't the lists come out right? And where is Uncle Fred? I haven't seen him all day.

MOTHER. Goodness knows where your uncle is. I certainly can't keep up with him. He's probably out talking to the gardener or somebody like that. You know your uncle. I haven't had a minute's peace since he came to live with us. Sometimes I'm almost tempted to send him back to his gas pumps. (Picks up lists.) And as for these! (Waves them at Carolyn.) Of course they didn't come out right. Do they ever come out right? Mrs. Bain called this morning to say that she can't possibly come. Now isn't that just the heighth of impoliteness? Of course I don't mind for myself because, personally, I think that the woman is a frightful bore, but it certainly leaves me in a terrible mess because I simply have to have someone to take her place. And I just can't think of a soul boring enough to do it.

(Carolyn laughs a little and leans over her mother's shoulder to look at the list.)

CAROLYN. Why does it have to be someone boring, mother?

MOTHER. Because she was asked expressly to entertain that dreadful James man, and I certainly wouldn't want to ask anyone decent to do that! Heavens, I'd be ruined!

CAROLYN. Well, if he's so awful, why ask him? That would solve everything, because then you wouldn't have to have someone to entertain him. Now isn't that simple?

MOTHER. Carolyn, I simply don't know what I'm going to do with you! You have no sense of society at all. I absolutely have to ask Henry James, or I'd be ruined. His mother is THE Clarisse Ducane of Ducane Textiles, simply the richest family in Spinville now. No one ever gives a party without asking Henry James!

CAROLYN. (Carolyn sighs and walks over to the window where she stands looking out at the yard.) By all means let's have Henry James then. One must keep up with society.

MOTHER. You needn't be sarcastic, Carolyn. It's for your own good that I'm doing this. You should be taking pointers on how I do these things. You'll be needing all this training for your own use after you and Walter are married. I know that he will expect you to do a lot of entertaining, and mother won't be there to explain these things.

(Carolyn whirls around to face her mother.)

CAROLYN. Oh, Walter, Walter, Walter! Isn't it enough that I'm marrying him? Must you constantly bring his name up every hour of the day! I'm sick and tired of hearing what I'm to do after I'm married to darling, beloved Walter.

MOTHER. Oh, yes. And that's another thing I've been meaning to talk over with you, Carolyn. Your attitude toward Walter is not very pleasant. Why, my dear, he is simple THE catch of the season. I can't understand how you can treat him so lightly. Why, his mother was one of the . . . .

CAROLYN (turning back to the window.) Yes, Mother, I know. His mother was one of the original bloomer girls, and his grandmother sewed patches on George Washington's pants.

MOTHER (gasping and putting her list down to stare at her daughter.) Carolyn Cathers! I simply don't know where I have failed so miserably in your upbringing'. Your father and I have always given you everything you could want. You've never known any but the very nicest and wealthiest people in town, but sometimes your speech shows an utter lack of culture! I just can't understand it!

CAROLYN. Yes, you've always given me everything I want. Everything but love and understanding!

MOTHER. My dear Carolyn° (Picks up list and begins reading names as she talks.) Now you know we love you, Carolyn, and probably Walter will understand you; so that takes care of that. (Pursues list a moment longer and then reaches for phone.) Carolyn, I've just had the very grandest idea! I'll ask that Mrs. Chambers! She can talk simply hours without saying a thing!

She's just the very one for Henry. (Dials number, humming a little to herself.)

CAROLYN. Mother, if you'd only stop thinking about this damned party and LISTEN to me for a minute.

MOTHER (Puts her finger on her lips.) How many times have I told you that profanity is unbecoming to a young girl. Be silent, Carolyn, I think I've gotten the idiot. (Tone of voice changes to high, light note.) Hello, hello. Oh, Mrs. Chambers, please. Oh, is that you Madge, darling? I didn't recognize your voice. How ever are you, darling? Oh, that's just too, too bad. You should begin to watch those things at your age, dear. Oh, no, heavens no! Oh, of course, darling. I know you couldn't be a day over twenty-five. Oh, heavens no. Now, Madge, don't start chattering until I've finished. You see, darling, I just made the most ghastly error! Oh, I know that it's just hopeless for me to ever expect you to forgive me, but I swear it wasn't my fault. You see, I'm giving a tea this afternoon for Carolyn and Walter, and I just discovered that your invitation had been misplaced and not mailed at all, and I know that it's unforgiveable of me, but won't you please be an understanding, dear, and come on anyway? You know, no party is ever complete without Madge. Oh, you will? Oh, that's just lovely, dear, just lovely. Four o'clock, and just any old rags wil be all right. That's right. Well, got to run now. Frightful rush, you know. Goodbye, dear. (Puts down phone with a sigh of relief and turns to Carolyn.) Oh, heavens. I do hope that she doesn't take me literally about wearing any old rags. Maybe I'd better call her back and—no, I guess it really doesn't make too much difference because she never looks good in anything she has on anyway.

CAROLYN. Mother, I've simply got to talk to you. I can't go on with this.

MOTHER. Let's see, now. Mrs. May, the Van Balgers, Lucy Pickard, Leon Edwards and oh, what were you saying, dear?

CAROLYN. Mother, don't you see? I don't love Walter. I can't marry him. I won't marry him!

MOTHER. You what, dear? I'm afraid I wasn't listening.

CAROLN. I said I don't love Walter.

MOTHER. Oh, yes, that's right. That is what you said, isn't it, dear? Well, that's only natural that a young bride-to-be should feel that way. I can remember when your father and I were married. I was sick, simply SICK at the thought. Or was it the lobster I ate that night? Oh, dear, I can't remember. I must be getting old. But all the same, I read somewhere that young girls often feel that way. Now, let's see, where did I read that? I could buy you the book and let you read it for yourself. Or I could read it to you, I suppose, only I can't remember what I did with my glasses. Let's see, maybe they're in the kitchen. I think I had them on, reading the menu. I do wonder if the cook understood the menu. Maybe I'd better go see. Now, Carolyn, dear, don't stay

in here and brood. Why don't you run into the flower garden and pick some violets?

CAROLYN (Patiently.) I have already picked the violets, mother.

MOTHER (Glances over at the table.) Why, so you have, dear. Well, there must be something you could do to amuse yourself till four. You could always pick more violets, I suppose.

CAROLYN. Don't worry about me, mother. I'll think of something to do, I suppose. It really doesn't matter too much, I suppose.

MOTHER. Now, that's a good child. I must remember to tell Walter to do something to cheer you up. Dear Walter. Such a lovely boy. (Starts walking toward the door.) Such a lovely family. And SO much money. (Goes out and closes door behind her.)

(Carolyn turns around at the sound of the door closing and stands looking at it for a minute, then walks to the couch, throws herself down on it, and starts crying.)

(French doors open and young man, roughly dressed, enters, looks around, then walks quietly toward the couch.)

JOE. What's the matter, honey?

CAROLYN (Starts up in surprise; then, seeing who it is, relaxes again.) Oh, it's you, Joe. Everything is wrong. Mother is so wrapped up in Mrs. What's ancestors and income-bracket, she can't even remember her own daughter.

JOE. You didn't tell her, did you?

CAROLYN (Bitterly.) How could I? She doesn't even listen to what I say. All she can think of is how lovely it's going to be for her daughter to marry the Lamarr's silver factory, or whatever it is.

JOE (Walks around the couch and sits down, taking Carolyn in his arms.) Don't worry, honey. After tonight it'll all be over, and you'll be Mrs. Joe Miller. isn't that enough?

CAROLYN. Oh, yes, Joe. You know it is, only . . . .

JOE. Only what, honey?

CAROLYN. Only I hate to have to slip off and get married when every other girl can have her parents to give her away, and mine, mine won't even know about it. (Starts sobbing in earnest.)

JOE. I guess I see what you mean, Carolyn. Maybe it would be too hard. I reckon I hadn't thought about it like that. (Rises.) I guess I was a fool, Carolyn, to think that a girl like you would agree to eloping with a—with her father's gardener. (Looks down in disgust at his clothes and then turns to leave.)

CAROLYN. (Jumps up and flings her arms around Joe.) Oh, Joe! I didn't mean it like that! Don't you go misunderstanding me, too. I don't mind that,

Joe. Truly I don't. I love you, Joe. I want to marry you; and if I have to defy the whole world, I am going to marry you.

(Neither has noticed entrance of Mrs. Cathers. At this last remark she utters a cry of dismay.)

MOTHER. Carolyn! Come away from that man this instant! Oh, dear me, I think I'm going to faint!

CAROLYN (Breaks away from Joe and runs toward her mother.) Joe get me some water. Get some ammonia! Get Uncle Fred! (Helps mother to couch while Joe disappears, returning shortly with older man.)

UNCLE FRED. Hear, hear! What's this? Amanda Cathers, you're no more going to faint than I am. What on earth is going on?

CAROLYN. Uncle Fred, I'm afraid it's all my fault. You see, Joe and I are in love, and we're going to be married tonight . . .

MOTHER (Throws up her hands.) I know I'm going to faint. Oh, heavens°

UNCLE FRED (Advances to couch and stands threateningly over Mrs. Cathers.) Amanda, don't you dare faint. This is your daughter's scene, and I won't have you spoiling it. Loosen your girdle if that's what's wrong, and shut up. Now, what were you saying, Carolyn?

CAROLYN (Looks at Joe and then back at Uncle Fred.) Uncle Fred, I love Joe, not Walter, and we're planning to run away after the party and get married. I tried to tell mother this afternoon, but she wouldn't pay any attention to me. I can't help it, Uncle Fred. It's just the way I feel.

UNCLE FRED. Best damned thing that could have happened to this family. Never did like that nincompoop, Walter, anyway. Started to tell him a hundred times to go peddle his silver spoons somewhere else. Haven't any patience wtih his kind of twiddle-twaddle.

MOTHER (Sinking back on couch.) I'm ruined! Absolutely ruined! What will the Carlyles say? My daughter and this, this . . . Oh, the degredation!

JOE. I'm not a "this," Mrs. Cather. Maybe I don't talk as pretty as some of the Van Joneses, but I'm able to make my living, and I'm not afraid of hard work, if worse comes to worst.

UNCLE FRED. Bravo! Use to be a first class mechanic myself, till Amanda here got the idea I was disgracing the noble name of the family and and dragged me out from the gas pumps and stuck me in here, knitting and purling with these old maids in pants.

MOTHER. Fred! How can you- Has no one any feelings for me? Oh, my life is ruined. And I worked so hard for this marriage.

CAROLYN. That's just it, mother. YOU planned this marriage, all by yourself. You never so much as asked me how I felt about anything. Don't you see? All my life you've lived FOR me. This is the first thing I've ever done that I really wanted to do, and you can't stop me now. I've made up my mind.

I love Joe, and I'm going to marry him. If you won't give your approval, then we'll do it the way we'd planned and run away after the party. Maybe that would be better, anyway; then you can save your face by saying that I got "over-excited by the champagne" at the party and didn't know what I was doing.

MOTHER. Well, if you've definitely made up your mind, I suppose that would be the best thing. After all, I couldn't exactly give my approval when I don't exactly approve. Now, mind that, Carolyn; I said I don't approve.

CAROLYN (Lifting her head and moving closer to Joe.) I heard, Mother. I'm sorry.

MOTHER. No, you're not! I just know you're not at all. If you were, you'd think of me and forget this nonsense.

UNCLE FRED. Now, Amanda, I'm not going to stand by and let you try to talk these young people out of this. (Turns to Carolyn.) You two youngsters can use my car and keep it just as long as you want. I give my fondest blessings to both of you.

JOE. Thanks a lot, Uncle Fred. Now I guess I'd better finish trimming those hedges for the party this afternoon.

CAROLYN. Wait a minute and I'll go with you. (Walks over to Uncle Fred.) Talk to her, can't you, Uncle Fred?

UNCLE FRED (Pats Carolyn affectionately on the shoulder.) Leave it to me, kiddo. Uncle Fred might be useful for one more thing in his life.

(Joe and Carolyn walk out the French doors.)

UNCLE FRED. Now, Amanda, it's time you were made to listen to something else besides the newest recipes for filleted lobster, or whatever it is. Your daughter happens to have more sense in her little finger than you've ever had anywhere.

MOTHER. Why on earth should I have sense in my little finger? Good heavens, Fred! And do be careful where you're waving your hands; you'll ruin those violets for the party this afternoon.

UNCLE FRED. Amanda, you are hopeless, you exasperating woman. (She shows signs of tears.) Now, don't worry about Carolyn. She'll be all right. She's got plenty of sense, that girl. Besides, that Joe boy will probably have more money someday than the Lamarrs and the Carlyles put together.

MOTHER. Do you really think so, Fred? Well, maybe you're right. I do hope so. Poor Carolyn. I've simply never been able to understand that girl.

UNCLE FRED. Maybe you've never really tried. Amanda, what on earth are you doing now?

MOTHER. I'm changing the seating arrangements. After all, if Carolyn isn't going to marry Walter, I'm not going to have him placed closed to that Fergeson girl. Who knows? She might get wind that something is wrong and start something with Walter.

UNCLE FRED. (Laughs heartily.) Amanda, how on earth could she possibly know anything when even you didn't know it till just a few minutes ago?

MOTHER. I don't know, but everyone around here seems to know things before I do, and I'm not going to take any chances. If she's going to get him, I'll not have it said that she took him away from Carolyn at her own party. I've got a little pride left, although you all shattered it miserably this afternoon. Now, let me see . . . these violets . . . I think I'll scatter little nosegays of violets all OVER the table; violets are very SOOTHING, don't you think- Fred, tell Carolyn she must come at once and make little nosegays. (He starts toward the door, pausing as she continues to speak.) If I move Carolyn and Walter, I'll have to switch Henry James and his Mrs. Chambers. I think I'll put the Carlyles right at the end of the table. That should please everyone because Louise likes to look down at people anyway. Oh, dear, why didn't Carolyn wait till after this party to fall in love?

(Uncle Fred exits laughing as the curtain closes.)

Limerick

ANN PERRY

There was a young woman named Shelia
Who went with a Chevrolet deala
Till the Chevvy broke down
And they walked back to town;
Now Shelia thinks Packards genteela.

Till My Dyin' Day

PAULA LEWIS

It was late July when Henry came home. As the bus pulled out of Taylor's Town, he watched the neat residential section give way to the familiar, rusty filling stations. Distantly on the left he recognized the old Williams place, with is sagging Negro shacks flanking the big house like unwilling sentinels. The gloom which enveloped the house seemed to emanate from some inside ghost. The four pillars stood firmly on the piazza, which was built high enough off the ground for kids to play Hide underneath; but he knew, even from a distance, that the floor was sagging on one side. From the sand yard of the big house, rows of cotton stretched out on either side as far as he could see, growing right up to the doors of the shacks. The bolls, pregnant with the white mass, were spilling over. Henry had forgotten it would be cotton-picking time.

He pulled the cord and swayed to the front of the bus to get off where the Ritter road met the highway. He felt the driver looking quizzically at his neat summer suit and leather bag and reminded himself that he was at home. As he walked down the road, he noticed his shoes streaking with dust from the sand which lay in waves under his feeet. The bag was heavy with things he had bought the day before he left Chicago . . . dolls for the girls and a yellow silk blouse for Ma. Just above his head the gray moss dripped from the trees along the edge of the woods. Henry felt a pelting desire suddenly to be at home, listening in the dusk with his family to the squeaking serenade of the katykids under the steps.

Next morning he awoke to the fumes of sausage coming from the kitchen. Through the cracks in the wall he could see his Ma's figure, tall and strong, moving easily from table to stove. He turned on his back and lay watching the sun on the quilt at his feet and remembered that he had not tasted fresh pork sausage for a year. He wondered if there were any molasses left from last winter. He used to eat "'lasses in the hole" till his side ached. Bore a hole in the biscuit the size of a little black boy's finger, and fill her up. 'Lasses in the hole. Funny you forgot about living at home.

Busy with working during the day and school at night, he had not had time to remember things, like all the scraps from his mother's and sisters' dresses that had been saved to make this quilt. And like fresh sausage with 'lasses in the hole.

He heard his Pa sleeping in the other bed and propped up on one arm to look at him. In sleep his face seemed pinched, with circles around the

sunken, sooty eyes. His arm was thrown over the spot in the bed where his mother's head had left a ridge. From a corner of the open mouth slid a little trickle of saliva and dripped onto the tobacco-stained stubble of his chin. Henry remembered his Grandpa's mouth, which his Mother had always made him kiss when he came to visit. The yellow mustache and beard had always been matted and the lips wet, tasting of tobacco juice. Henry was shocked now, watching the frailty that was Pa's body sink to nothingness in the feather bed, and felt pity for this skeleton of a man, with some disgust. He sat up and put his feet on the floor, careful of the splinters

His Ma came to the doorway.

"Henry, you an' Pa git up now. S'late. The gals done eat and go to de fiel'."

She looked at Henry, and a glow entered her hard eyes.

"How you sleep, son?"

"Fine, Ma. Lord, I'm hungry."

He watched his Pa emerge from the bed and pull on his pants, meticulously, dreamily.

In the kitchen, too warm from the heat of the stove he ate with an eye on his Mother, busy filling cups and passing plates.

"Me and the gals going over to Williams' to pick some more. What you wanter do today, Hen-ry?" He liked the way she made two syllables of his name. He hadn't heard it pronounced that way for what seemed years.

"How about you, Pa?" He watched Pa saucer his coffee and blow it carefully, before he drank it in with a slow sucking noise.

"Yo' Pa ain't been able to work none this summer. He ain't feel so spry."

Henry looked at his Pa and wondered. His mother had done all the work for the family since he remembered. Maybe just those who worked lived.

When afternoon came, Henry left the house and walked over to Williams'. Mr. Williams was standing by the gin house, weighing loads. Henry spoke to the Negroes standing in the waiting line, their full sacks propped in front of them on the sand, waiting to be weighed. As he passed, Williams squinted at him from under the broad brim of his Panama.

"How's the educated nigger?" He grinned and Henry noticed his small fat eyes. He looked at the red hair on the thick arms of the man and nodded.

"Hear you're going to be a lawyer, huh?" He heaved another sack onto the scales and watched Henry, waiting for a retort.

"Yes," said Henry.

"Well, well," Williams' laughter heaved the fat on his chest, under the light cotton polo shirt, as he slapped his overseer on the back. "Hear that, Parker, Buckshot here gonna be a big lawyer." This time the laugh was a rude duet. "Wonder where he figures on setting up. Over in Taylor's Town I reckon."

He gleamed momentarily at Henry, and he squinted his fat eyes again. The Negroes in line watched silently, noncommitally. Henry began to move in the direction of the field.

"Know a lot of people gonna be glad to see you come back home. Yessir, jest waiting for you to start your practicing." Again his laughter exploded. "Nigger lawyer. How 'bout that, Parker? Lordy, Lord."

Henry walked willingly away from the loudness of their voices along the edge of the rows till he could see his Mother's broad back bent over her row in the heat, her fingers flying from the bolls to the rough gray bag slung across her shoulders. She was probably still the fastest picker Williams had. Farther on, his two sisters worked side by side, not speaking, stopping to raise up now and then to rest their young backs and look around. The sun steamed and the hundred hands moved mechanically, their bodies arched toward the rows, fingers working from boll to bag, boll to bag.

Henry remembered stories he had heard, away from home, about cotton-picking time in the old South, with happy Negro voices blending in sweet spirituals as the gay figures went up and down their rows. Now he watched great beads of sweat rolling from the faces near him. Expressionless faces. The women, their kinky hair held back in old silk stockings twisted at the foot, worked without emotion, too tired even to hum. At the end of the rows three babies played quietly in the scorching sun, their mothers picking near-by. His Ma looked up and saw him. She waved as she wiped her face with her sleeve.

"Be home and git you' suppah, boy." As she called to him, he had the familiar pang that came often while he was away. Some day, he thought. Some day, I can get somebody else to pick for her.

He looked again at his mother, waved, and turned to go. As he walked off the place he had to pass Williams again.

"They must do things some different up North, Shot. Yessir, give ever' nigger in the block the big feelings. I bet you run 'round after them white gals up there, too."

Henry turned around sharply. Then he slowly moved his gaze from the man and walked on.

The heavy jowls twitched as Williams took a step after him. He raised his voice to a high pitch. "You watch yourself, nigger boy. Try getting smart with me and I'll take the black off you."

Henry walked straight ahead, crossed the highway to the Ritter road and headed toward the house. His Pa was sitting on the porch asleep when he got there. He perched on the stop step and stared out at the hot sand.

"When yo' Ma come home? I hongry."

Henry didn't look at him. "She'll be along soon." The flies buzzed around

the lanky red dog going back to sleep at the bottom of the steps. He watched them climb on the red flanks and fight, three deep, then separate to buzz around the head.

"You home for good?"

"No, Pa. I'm going back Saturday. Classes start again."

"Humph."

"Anyhow, I can't stay away from work longer than this week."

For a while they sat listening to the buzz of the flies. Henry felt the deadening stickiness of the late afternoon and thought about Chicago. There the streets would be filled with cars and buses, people, jostling each other, each rushing to get home.

"You been gone long time, son."

"A year."

"Yo' Ma right proud. She think you be big man someday."

Henry grinned into the sunlight. "Maybe." He turned to look at his Pa in his splint-bottomed chair tipped back against the wall. "What do you think?"

"Me? I ain't never try to leave home none. Ain't no use."

Henry didn't answer. His Pa had not tried to stop him when he decided to leave, he remembered. He had had nothing to say at all. Only his Ma. She said, "Go on, son. Go get yourself a job. You ain't belong here no longer. You one of them new niggers. I been knowing that."

And when he had found out that he could get into night school and keep up his work at the same time, he had written to her. Later he had gotten a letter, a sheet of tablet paper on which was scrawled, "I am glade."

Pa cleared his throat and looked up. He spat a long brown stream off the edge of the porch and looked down at Henry. "They ain't no use tryin' to be what you ain't," he said.

"You're satisfied so long as you're fed, aren't you, Pa?"

Pa grinned. "Ain't none of us long for this worl'. Might as well enjoy ourselves."

"I'm enjoying myself."

"Humph! I ain't never try to leave home. When I was like you, I used ter sing. And sport wid de gals."

Henry looked at him sideways, and wondered how this man had looked when he was young. Maybe he had been very gay and fine looking when Ma got him.

"Yessir, I never been one to kill myself wid over-wuk. 'Cause us gonna be a long time daid someday."

Henry remembered the song somewhere out of a long time past, a time mixed with dancing in the dusk on the cool sand; mixed with the sound of voices singing out of the dark on the porch, voices that belonged to his Pa

and to his old uncle, a time no longer real; mixed, too, with the stink of sweat rolling down on his stomach from his underarms, arms aching from hoeing long hours; mixed with the smell of collards cooking in the kitchen at noon.

He stood up now as he saw his Ma and the gals coming down the road. Ma walked with her head in the air, after the long day. The gals lagged behind her. He walked to meet them.

When the supper things were done up, they sat in the twilight on the porch. Under the steps the katy-dids sang their intense, brittle tunes; in the yard fire-flies were starting up. The gals began to chase them.

He looked at Ma where she sat hitting mosquitoes with the Putnam Dye fan. "Sho' feel good to have you here at evenin', Henry," she murmured.

He heard feet slap the sand and knew the gals were dancing, dancing with the spontaneous rhythm he had not even felt often enough for over a year. He leaned forward to watch the flat blackness of their feet as they hit the ground in perfect tempo. Pa began half chanting, half singing in his tremulous voice, every other syllable accentuatedd by the beat of bare feet on the packed sand.

"Ain't gwine work till my dyin' day!
If I ever lays up enough,
I'se gwine off a while and stay—
I'll be taking a few days off."

The voice was nasal and had risen to a mellow wail on the last lines. Henry knew rather than heard the words for they were chanted in a gibbering mumble which wove them together into barbaric noises.

Short skirts hit skinny brown legs as the girls swung round and round, sometimes facing each other, turning away, then dancing face to face again. He was conscious now only of the slap-slap of the feet beating out the rhythm.

Pa chanted with his eyes closed, hypnotized, his lips smiling, pulled up over his rotten, yellow teeth and white gums. Henry detected a waver in the thin old voice. The girls laughed and swirled, faster and louder, respecting the rhythm, ignoring the words.

Ma got up and walked into the house. The dancing stopped with the song. The girls fell giggling and exhausted onto the steps, their faces turned toward Henry, the whites of their eyes gleaming in the dark. Pa set for a while with his hand on his chest. Then he spat somewhere out into the night, and echoed his song with a "Yes, Lord."

The flicker of the lamp inside the house sprang up and shone out through the window. Henry rose and silently went in to his Ma. He would leave in the morning.

White Water

ANN PERRY

I was afraid to go down Upper Green,
And yet we shot the rapids here not quite
A year ago. We stripped equipment from
Our Seminole and pulled our hats down tight
Upon our heads. We laughed because we knew that when
We fought our way down past the bridge and found
The still, sweet waters of our lake, the camp
Would meet us at the dock and call us brave.
We started with the swiftest part as if
We meant to conquer this and prove ourselves
The masters of the river for all time.
The river twists and drops among the rocks,
Its bottom fanged with hidden, angry snags.
It makes a vicious turn and tries to throw
A thin canoe against the boulder there,
Then gathers all its waters close and pours
Them hard between the banks to make them foam
And spurt. I wondered as I heard the roar
If we could pull and manage our canoe
Through there. I grippped the paddle hard; my hand
Explored the wooden shaft. A splinter here,
I thought; I must remember it. Some girl
Might hurt her hand on this. And then no time
To think or speak—a grunt, perhaps, to feel
The river chafe against the paddle's bite,
To feel our foolish little craft careen
As if to butt its gunwales hard against
The bank. I felt a muscle knot and twist
Itself into a pain. No time for that.
Pull hard, you bow; I'll flip the stern around
Before we drop and ride the river like
A plunging horse who tries to throw a man.
The water reaches up and slaps at our
Canoe; we've hit the bottom of the fall

With force enough to pull the planking off
The ribs; but our canoe holds fast and will
Not break. She bobs sedately in a pool,
Well pleased that she has brought us past the rocks.
There's time to stretch and try to lose the cramp
That settled in my arm, and time to make
My peace with this wild stream that thought
She could destroy us, keep her waters clear
Of keels and paddle blades for she must know
That now we've robbed her of virginity
With our canoes, we must come back to track
Her course and ride her once again. She'll try
Again to crush us on the rocks or trick
Us with a current leading to a shallow bar.
She is no feeble foe to let us have
Our way with her, but proud and fierce. O God,
I know no finer thing than brave canoes
And rushing water on a summer day.

Twilight

FRANCES MCPHERSON

My thoughts are dreams that slip from me tonight,
For twilight comes and sends all else away.
Her mothy wings fleck dust across the light
And lull to sleep the brilliant eye of day.
Tall trees admit her zephyr's light caress;
Her wings in dusk the earth and sky surround.
But all-pervading though she be, no press
Annoys the soul that naked she has found.
The grass is cool and real beneath my hand,
But earth, which seemed so solid and secure,
Is pulsing toward the star that wings have fanned
Until it glows in constant, bright allure.
I shall not soon forget this hour and clime
Which let me glimpse eternity—and time.